Ile muſter vp my friends and meete your grace,
Where, and what time, your Maieſtie ſhall pleaſe.
King. I, I, thou wouldſt be gone to ioyne with Richmond,
I will not truſt you Sir.
Dar. Moſt mightie Soueraigne,
You haue no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be falſe.
King. Well, go muſter men, but heere you, leaue behinde,
Your ſonne George Stanlie, looke your faith be firme,
Or elſe, his heads aſſurance is but fraile.
Dar. So deale with him, as I prooue true to you.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. My gracious ſoueraigne, now in Deuonſhire,
As I by friends am well aduertiſed,
Sir William Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,
Biſhop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many mo confiderates, are in armes.
Enter an other Meſſenger.
Meſ. My Liege, in Kent the Guilfordes are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors,
Flocke to their aide, and ſtill their power increaſeth.
Enter another Meſſenger.
Meſ. My Lord, the armie of the Duke of Buckingham.
He ſtriketh him.
King. Out on you owles, nothing but ſongs of death.
Take that vntill thou bring me better newes.
Meſ. Your grace miſtakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by ſudden floud, and fall of water,
The Duke of Buckinghams armie is diſperſt and ſcattered,
And he himſelfe fled, no man knowes whither.
King. O I crie you mercie, I did miſtake,
Ratcliffe reward him, for the blow I gaue him,
Hath any well aduiſed friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in Buckingham.
Meſ. Such proclamation hath bene made my liege.
Enter another Meſſenger.
Meſ. Sir Thomas Louel, and Lord Marques Dorſet,
Tis ſaid my Liege, are vp in armes,

Yet

Yet this good comfort bring I to y
The Brittaine nauie is diſperſt, R
Sent out a boate to aske them on
If they were his aſſiſtants yea, or
Who anſwered him, they came fr
Vpon his partie, he miſtruſting th
Hoiſt ſaile, and made away for Br
King. March on, march on, ſin
If not to fight with forreine enem
Yet to beate downe, theſe rebels
Enter Catesby
Cat. My liege, the Duke of Bu
Thats the beſt newes, that the Ea
Is with a mightie power landed
Is colder tidings, yet they muſt b
King. Away towards Salisbu
A royall battell might be wonne
Some one take order Buckingha
To Salisburie, the reſt march on
Enter Darbie, Sir Ch
Dar. Sir Chriſtopher, tell Ri
That in the ſtie of this moſt blo
My ſonne George Stanley is fra
If I reuolt, off goes young Geo
The feare of that, withholds my
But tell me, where is princely Ri
Chriſt. At Pembroke, or at H
Dar. What men of name reſo
S. Chriſt. Sir Walter Herbert
Sir Gilbert Talbot, ſir William
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke,
Rice vp Thomas, with a valiant
With many moe of noble fame
And towards London they do
If by the way, they be not foug
Dar. Returne vnto my Lord
Tell him, the Queene hath hart
He ſhall eſpouſe Elizabeth her

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